Nov. 1928

52 T.S.

Sunday.

Dearest Creature,

I'm afraid you are feeling lonely tonight. I wish I were with you. Harold is a very nice man, & I'm glad I knew him.

Would Wednesday, Thursday suit you for me to come, perhaps Friday was difficult? But I'm not sure. What need you & Lord Lascelles talk about? Am I to buy a moleskin coat? Are you well?

Yr ~~Vw~~

Virginia

I've seen Orlando in America.

Go to tea with her 2.

52 T. S. 22nd Nov. 1928

Would you, at convenient, bring the kippy on Tuesday & then we might arrange to meet Lulie – after your broadcasting. And then all Wednesday I'm free – (for you: no one else, damn their souls) And (do you like sentences that begin with And ?) we are going to have another biscuit tea party – at Nena's at Tuesday; do please from Ethels which will be for two refined, 2 come

Go to tea with her.

52 T. S. 22nd Nov. 1928

Would you, if convenient, bring the kippy on Tuesday & then we might arrange to meet later — after your broadcasting. And then all Wednesday I'm free — (for you: no one else, damn their souls) And (do you like sentences that begin with And ?)

We are going to have another biscuit tea party at Nina's on Tuesday; do play from Ethels which will be far too refined, & come

to us. We had Hugh last tuesday
& he was much liked. Is that the
correct phrase for Hugh.
I've written Eddy one short
sharp back — what a housemaids
mind he has, always [redacted]
thanking one 'means' him.
And I've written a smooth silky
letter to your uncle. But
I don't believe he minded — nor
if he's a man of sense, & not
a nimmy pimmy housemaid.
And tomorrow I have to go to
Bow Street & stand merely
for £40 for Jonathan Cape.
And then to Rodmell for
Saturday night: back on
Sunday. You're my Fowler,
not Molly's Towser: why

Monday Nov: 1928

Dearest,

Here's a letter from Eddy, & a draft of an answer to your Uncle.

I should be greatly obliged if you would give me your opinion — any suggestions I don't know of I ought to mention to, but I did think that you had thanked Lord Sackville — however, I ought to have done it — I'm very sorry: & yet, how could I have put this in the preface, & your father? Surely it would have been out of keeping.

When shall I see you? Would you send the letter back.

V.

52 T S.

Sunday, Dec 2. 1928

So you are just back Inspire,
& being often dinner, & I had mine
alone. What a good letter you
wrote me! Do you know I
think about your writing with
interest[2]. All your set seem
be coming down on it now, not
only the foreleg. Very few
people interest me as writers; but
I think I shall read your next
poem with care.
And I like the way you stand
up resolute in the face of Lowes
& Reads: a British
Grenadier. I forget what I was
going to say now — something
frightfully [illegible], something that

hit me between forehead & hair this
afternoon: about Chaucer, it may
have been. I am scraping the
slime off, the Cunards, the
unspeakability of trade, reading
Troilus, by Chaucer. Thank God
I still have the remnants of a
mind to graft upon: I've not
read a thing, & what was a bird
flies through a bush, since
Rodmell. But I forget what
I was going to say. I'm coming
on Thursday, just as the lamps
are being lit in Sevenoaks,
so that I can dabble in the
fishmongers in a red jersey
holding a paper bag, rather
heavy & damp. Jack or

NYPL

smells. And then we turn up the
lights in your room, & I get into my
chair & you — ah well — two
down over, that's the worst of it.
And I make it sooner over by
my favorite scene (aged 46 - that's
what does it) of the flight of
time, so that these moments
are seen by me flying, flying;
& almost too distinct to be
bearable. I discovered that in
Burgundy: & could not invent anyway
of dimming my own eyes, which
are, sometimes, too bright, aren't
they? Couldn't we drop
something into them to make it
thick & dull? Lord — but I
must go round to Nena instead
of sweeping here: must brush

my hair, & Clive will say how
Virginia took in all the news.
And the news is we are
coming to Berlin on the
15th January; but that
I will talk about on Thursday:
but he'll arrange it properly on
Thursday: there must be one
perfectly empty compartment
about Vita's poetry.
Coming down with all her feet at
once — that's what I like in a
writer. Woolf and Shuttles, &
I'm a jumper: never mind, I'll
thank them & tell you.
Lord! what a blessing you
are to me.

Otto

Dec. 14. 1925.

Friday night.

Dearest Creature.

I was very much afraid
to think you had been angry (as
you said) that I didn't go to the
bloody woman's flat – (I
get I rather like you to be
angry) ludicrously. I thought
they would want to go; &
I rang up as early as I could
this morning to ask you to lunch:
& you'd gone. And then you
were angry. And then I
was wretched. And I wanted
all the afternoon for you. And I

had lunch for ye. And now ye're off
the better black night with female et
unknown; flesh, or nuts & dented
Zatha, from the arms, to put it
Euphemistically, of Mary-God!
what a succession of flea bites—
bug bites the life of a reputable
hard working woman is!

And now Lenard has cut up
rough about my having Elsie
to tea on Tuesday if I lunch out
& dine with people. So
I wont ask Elsie; & then again
ye'll be angry. But the truth
is I've been rather headachy with
rather a cold (both very mild)
but, then, my life is all
these Easements & dodges, not

to my liking at all – but there – there-
enough said on that point.

The gist of the matter is
that you'll turn up at 1.5
punctual on Tuesday & we'll
lunch somewhere; & you
shall take a carving knife to me
if you like.

And we'll perhaps get
to the bottom of this
wretched affair – human
friendship.

I rather wanted to see Elena too.

And I'll tell you about
Mrs Beerbohm.

Poor Polly – went a
cold, cryptic, became Vita's
angry. V.